

Blackbird Fly

by Owllover123

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Summary: It all started in the future for our favorite blue-eyed Angel, and lavender-eyed Saint. Noel always had a "gift" haunting her every breathing day, and taking everything she ever held dear. But now, it felt like it had finally given her something worthwhile. Originally belonged to thesituation016. I'm not stealing, I merely adopted it.

Blackbird Fly

A/N: Hi! I'm Owllover123, and I have taken over Blackbird Fly. *boo's and and trash being thrown* Yeah, yeah. I know. I-I know. I'm not _thesituation016_. But I'm going to do my best with our Blackbird and Bumblebee. And... I'm changing our first few chapters. *covers up face with hands while trash is thrown and more boo's are heard* I know. I know. I'm sorry, I'm just trying to make it a little original. Just the writing style. But all dialogue stays. Okay? And it's almost the exact same, just written a little differently. Okay? Okay. Good. Thank you. Please enjoy chapter one...

Noel walked through the camp, her posture slightly casual but on-guard, as always. Her light chocolate brown hair was tied up into a high ponytail, to keep the slightly curly locks from getting in her lavender blue eyes and interfering with her concentration. A long white streak made its way down the right side of her hair, ending before the rest of it. Having been there since birth, she was used to it.

She wore a grey long sleeved shirt, which was loose and flowed with her movements. This was layered over a dark blue tank top, a pair of jean shorts with lace up the sides, a thick green plaid shirt tied around her waist, a pair of thick grey tights, a dark green army jacket that reached down to her thighs, and brown hiking boots.

She had a sharp machete strapped to her back, a pistol on each thigh,

one hunting knife in each boot, and a gun hanging from a strap over her shoulder. She popped up the stairs of a worn cabin not even knocking on the door before she breezed in.

"Honey, I'm home." Noel called out with a grin, removing all of her gear and the jacket. A pair of arms wrapped around her from behind, pulling her against a warm body, a pair of lips attaching themselves to her neck making her shiver as they moved up toward her ear.

"Missed you love." The man mumbled against her ear.

"Missed you too, Blackbird." Noel turned, facing her husband, _Castiel_, their lips meeting in a deep kiss. It was familiar, but still sparked like the first time.

Noel wrapped her arms around his neck, his own came to rest on her hips, pulling her closer until their bodies had molded together. He removed her sweater over her head so she was only in her spaghetti strap crop top, his hands running up her bare sides while her hands moved to his chest, more specifically the buttons of his shirt.

"Cas?" The voice of Dean broke their moment, both of them groaning in annoyance.

"What do you want?" Noel snapped, glaring at Dean. She had never gotten along with Dean, being more compassionate, while he had what she called _a heart of stone_. "Don't you have to go play tyrant or something?"

"What?" Dean looked at Noel, trying to place her.

"Excuse the Mrs, she just got back from the infirmary." Cas turned her until her back was against his front, resting his chin on her shoulder from behind. "There have been a lot of casualties lately."

"Mrs? You're married? Like husband-wife married?" Dean stuttered looking at the simple gold bands on their ring fingers which were entwined together in front of Noel, resting over her stomach. "You, _Castiel_, are a _husband_?"

"I thought you'd gotten over trying to label me." Castiel grumbled looking Dean over, his brow furrowing.

"Cas, we got to talk." Dean sighed, way too preoccupied.

"Whoaâ€¦|strange." Castiel commented, his eyes widening.

"What?" Dean asked.

"You are not youâ€¦|not "now" you, anyway." Castiel told him.

"No! Yeah." Dean nodded, thankful that Castiel knew. He could be sent back. "Yes, exactly."

"What year are you from?" Castiel asked.

"2009." Dean answered.

"Time travel? Now that's a new one." Noel commented, a hand reaching up to play with the locket that hung there. It was silver accented in black with wings that came together in the shape of a heart.

"Who did this to you? Is it Zachariah?" Castiel asked.

"Yes." Dean nodded.

"Interesting." Castiel commented to himself in a thoughtful manner.

"Oh, yeah, it's friggin' fascinating. Now," Dean clapped his hands together. "why don't you strap on your angel wings and fly me back to my page on the calendar?"

Noel tightened her hands over his, gently rubbing them as he scoffed humorlessly. He shifted so his forehead was pressed into her shoulder, his face was hidden. Noel reached up placing her hand on his head, carding her fingers through his hair shooting Dean a dirty look.

"I wish I could just, uh, strap on my wings, But I'm sorryâ€|no dice." Castiel said bitterly with a humorless chuckle tightening his hold around Noel.

"What happened to you?" Dean asked.

"Life." Castiel replied, Noel cocked her head to the side.

"Sounds like the troops are back." Noel commented, cueing them to file out onto the porch. Just in time too, it seemed, to see the men and Dean Of That Time pull up. They all made their way down just in time to see their Dean pull a gun aiming at one of the men.

"Hey." Dean Of The Past called out, rushing forward. "Hey! Watch out!" Dean Of That Time fired, killing the man.

"Damn it." Dean Of That Time muttered, as the men stared in shock at the other Dean. "I'm not gonna lie to you. Me and himâ€|It's a pretty messed-up situation we got going. But believe me, when you need to know something, you will know _it_." Dean Of That Time looked at the shocked men. "Until then, we all have work to do."

Dean Of That Time took the other Dean, pulling him along back to his cabin. Castiel then took Noel's hand, gently pulling her along back to their cabin.

"So past Dean and present Dean, weird." Noel walked over to the bed, falling back-first onto it.

"Compared to what?" Castiel asked as he crawled onto the bed his arms holding him up so he was hovering over Noel, one of his hands playing with the white strand of her hair. Noel pretended to think back over their lives before shrugging with a smile.

"Good point." Noel said her hands sliding up his arms till they interlocked behind his neck. "Dean's probably going to be calling a meeting in a bit."

"Then we better make the most of the time we got." Castiel smirked before capturing her mouth into an intense kiss, picking up where they had left off.

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The meeting was called and _eventually_, the couple had managed to drag themselves from their bed. Making their way into Dean's cabin, clothes just thrown on with Castiel still buttoning his last and Noel trying her hair back into the braid. Castiel took a seat, pulling Noel into his lap merely seconds from having done so.

"So, that's it?" Risa said as Dean placed the gun on the table.
"That's the colt?"

"If anything can kill Lucifer, this is it." Dean nodded.

"Great." Risa said sarcastically. "Have we got anything that can find Lucifer?"

"Are you okay?" Regular Dean asked looking up at her from where he leaned on the table.

"Oh, we were in, uh, Jane's cabin last night." Past Dean answered as Risa glared at future Dean while Noel let out a low whistle. "And, apparently, we and Risa have a connection."

"You want to shut up?" Dean snapped at himself to the amusement of Castiel and Noel who laughed quietly. "We don't have to find Lucifer, we know where he is." Dean straightened up. "The demon that we caught last weekâ€|he was one of the big guy's entourage. He knew."

"So, a demon tells you where Satan's gonna be, and you just believe it?" Noel scoffed rolling her eyes as she leaned back against Castiel.

"Oh, trust meâ€|he wasn't lying." Dean replied.

"And you know this how?" Risa asked.

"Our fearless leader, I'm afraid, is all too well schooled in the art of getting to the truth." Castiel replied with a humorless laugh.

"Torture? Oh, so, we're-we're _torturing_ again. No, that'sâ€|that's goodâ€|_classy_." Past Dean glared. Castiel laughed at the scene being played out before him.

"What? I like "_past you._"" Castiel said when future Dean shot him a look.

"Lot less of a douchebag, I must say." Noel added, rubber-stamping her husband.

"Lucifer is here." Dean ignored them, pointing to the map on the table. "Now, I know the block and I know the building."

"Oh, goodâ€|it's right in the middle of a hot zone." Castiel pointed out.

"Crawling with Crotes, yeah." Dean nodded. "You saying my plan is reckless?"

"Are you saying we, uh, walk in straight up the driveway, past all the demons and the crotes, and we shoot the devil?" Castiel asked.

"Yes." Dean replied.

"Okay, if you don't like, uh, _reckless_," I could use _insouciant_," maybe." Castiel offered.

"There's also _careless, heedless, thoughtless_" Noel listed off.

"Yeah, I get it." Dean cut her off sharply. "Are you coming?"

"Of course." Castiel said tightening his hold on Noel.

"I'm in, too." Noel nodded.

"But why is _he_? I mean, he's you five years ago, if something happens to him, you're gone, right?" Castiel asked.

"He's coming." Dean's tone left no room for argument.

"Okay." Castiel stood to his feet pulling Noel up with him. "Well, uh I'll get the grunts moving."

"We're loaded and on the road by midnight." Dean called after them.

"All righty." Castiel called over his shoulder as he left with Noel and Risa.

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Noel sat between Dean and Castiel in the pickup truck traveling in the center of the caravan. She had her arm looped through Castiel's, her head leaning on his shoulder while he rubbed the back of her hand that was entwined in his.

"Don't get me wrong, Cas." Dean broke the silence "I-uh I'm happy that the stick is out of your ass, but what's going onâ€¦I mean how did you and her happen? I thought that wasn't allowed or something." Castiel started to laugh. "What's so funny?"

"Dean, I'm not an angel anymore." Castiel told him.

"What?" Dean looked over to him.

"Yeah, I went mortal." Castiel nodded.

"What do you mean? How?" Dean asked.

"I think it had something to do with the other angels leaving, but when they bailed, my mojo just kind ofâ€¦shhrr...drained away." Castiel replied with a shrug. "And now, you know, I'm practically human." Castiel frowned darkly. "I mean, Dean, I'm all but useless."

Last year, broke my footâ€¦laid up for two months."

"Wow." Dean commented.

"Yeah." Castiel agreed.

"So, you're human." Dean said looking outside. "Well, welcome to the club."

"Thanks, except I used to belong to a much better club and now I'm powerless, I'm hapless, I'm hopeless." Castiel replied bitterly, only smiling when Noel scooted closer to him squeezing his hand in hers. "The only good thing that's happened to me is Noel."

"Yeah, that was my next question, how did this happen?" Dean asked, gesturing between them.

"I had gotten cornered by Crotes, my team was down, and he swooped in killing them all before they could get to me, but some of the ground had given way making him fall breaking his foot. Luckily his team was there and got us all out, if it wasn't for him I'd have been killed." Noel kissed Cas on the cheek making him grin.

"While I was laid up, Noel took care of me, saying that she wanted to pay me back for saving her life, then one thing led to another..." Castiel released Noel's hand so he could wrap it around her shoulders so that his hand could rub up and down her arm pulling her even closer to his side. "I fell in love."

"Love you too." Noel smiled nuzzling into his side.

"Whoah." Dean breathed out.

"You were pretty happy to have her around as well." Castiel commented.

"How so?" Dean asked looking down at the unassuming girl.

"To the Jewish I am a Tzadik, the Islamic I'm a Mu'min, the Hindu it's rishi or guru, the Buddhist arhat or bodhisattva, and the list goes on and on, but more often than not, I was called a Saint." Noel told him gaining a shocked look.

"A saint?" Dean echoed.

"Yeah." Noel nodded.

"What exactly does that entail?" Dean asked.

"This." Noel said making a fist. It lit up with a sort of, light blue energy with a darker blue silhouette, the entire thing coming to form a sharp sword-like shape, encasing her entire fist.

"What theâ€¦?" Dean flinched back.

"It's called a Saint Sword. And it can be used against demon, monster, and angels alike." Noel replied, disbursing the sword with a wave of her hand. "And if heaven hadn't closed up when I died I would have become an angel, it's how they keep their population fresh."

"Did not see that one coming." Dean said wide eyed. "So you're like Psylocke?"

"Yep, I'm like Psylocke." Noel nodded.

"But with Rogue's hair." Dean smarted off.

"Oh yeah, never heard that one before." Noel rolled her eyes, then saw the cars ahead of them coming to a stop.

"We're here." Castiel said putting the truck into park. They all unloaded from the vehicles and started to move through the city, weapons held at the ready. They reached the building that held Lucifer, Dean taking a pair of binoculars and looking over the sanitarium.

"There, second-floor window, we go in there." Dean said handing the binoculars to Castiel.

"You sure about this?" Noel asked looking over the building.

"They'll never see us coming, trust me." Dean assured her. "Now, weapons check, we're on the move in five."

"Hey, uhâ€¦me." Past Dean gained his other self's attention. "Can I talk to you for a sec?"

The two Dean's walked away from the group out of earshot, having a brief conversation that escalated quickly ending in future Dean knocking past Dean out cold. Future Dean then came back telling them the other Dean was a liability that they would move on without.

They trusted their leader, so without argument, they ran into the building head first into Crotes. It was when it was down to Noel and Castiel that the couple realized that they were the distraction, the bait, left to die by the leader they had put their trust in.

"In here!" Castiel grabbed her pushing her into a small room and pulling down a shelf jamming the door shut. The Crotes instantly started ramming against it trying to get in. They were down to their bladed weapons having run out of ammo.

"That complete and utterâ€¦" Noel ground out kicking a random piece of trash. She clenched her fists her whole frame shaking with fear and grief. Castiel walked up to her wrapping his arms around her pulling her to his chest. "He used us, he lied to us."

"I'm sorry, Noel." Castiel said as rubbed her back and she buried her face in his chest.

"It's not your fault." Noel said softly another bang from the door making her jump. Noel looked up to Castiel both of them starrng deeply into each other's eyes.

"I love you Noel, I love you so much." Castiel said as his hands came up cupping her face his thumbs caressing her cheeks.

"I love you as well Castiel." Noel smiled, a few tears slipping from

her eyes at the knowledge of this being the last time they'd ever hold each other like this. Castiel leaned down capturing her mouth in a deep passionate kiss, both of them conveying all of the love they had for each other.

Then the door burst open, the shelf exploding into thick and thin splinters. The Crotes seized their chance, running in, they grabbed the couple and pulled them apart, no matter how tightly they tried to cling to each other.

"Castiel!" Noel screamed.

"Noel!" Castiel screamed at the same time, their voices desperate and terrified in a hopeless situation. Then they found it was too late. They were left on the ground in pools of growing blood, their hands reaching for each other. But never to touch again.

A/N: well? How'd I do?

End
file.